own words, he 'set his pen high/ and his salary mounted with it. His writings provide his readers with their own romanticised version of life. Beside by-pass roads are many mansions, mansions of light and love. It would be a good thing, Mr, Winn thinks, 'if a kw compelled all employers and employees, wherever it was compatible with public safety, to change places for one working day once a year'; 'charm is the plain girl's lifebuoy/ he writes, and to hearten a friend who is 'waiting patiently foi that event which, though this is an age of sex-emancipation, still remains the most important and memorable moment in the lives of most women/ quotes a remark of Carole Lombard's: 1 live by a man's code, designed to fit a man's world, yet at the same time I never forget that a woman's first job is to choose the right shade of lipstick/

The same recipe as Mr. Winn uses, but with different baking, is used by Mr. H. G. Wells, whose film *The Shape of Things to Come* also holds out the prospect of a world full of charm, correctly shaded lipstick, and interchangeable employers and employees. Golden youths and maidens in white silken shorts and open-necked shirts live delectable, amorous lives, provided by science with innumerable conveniences and playthings, shooting through the air at immense speed, falling without self-consciousness into one another's hygienic arms, with no jealous squall or inward groan to disturb their bliss—this seen from plush seats across intervening darkness, typewriters all still, orders all taken, washing-up done.

In Mr. Wells, too, the contemporary mood is made manifest. He has succeeded in giving the harsh materialism in which his own life is rooted, a glow of righteousness and joy. Prosperity, once regarded as an end in itself, he has endowed with transcendental qualities, adding unto it benevolence and eroticism. Bank balances dissolve into embraces, factory chimneys blossom like flowers, and company directors discard their black coats and put on white silk, take off their top-hats to twine bay leaves in their hair. The black-coated worker becomes white-coated* This romantic materialism, this sense that faulty technique, which